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KUNKEL'S

MUSICAL REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1880.

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→*MUSIC*←

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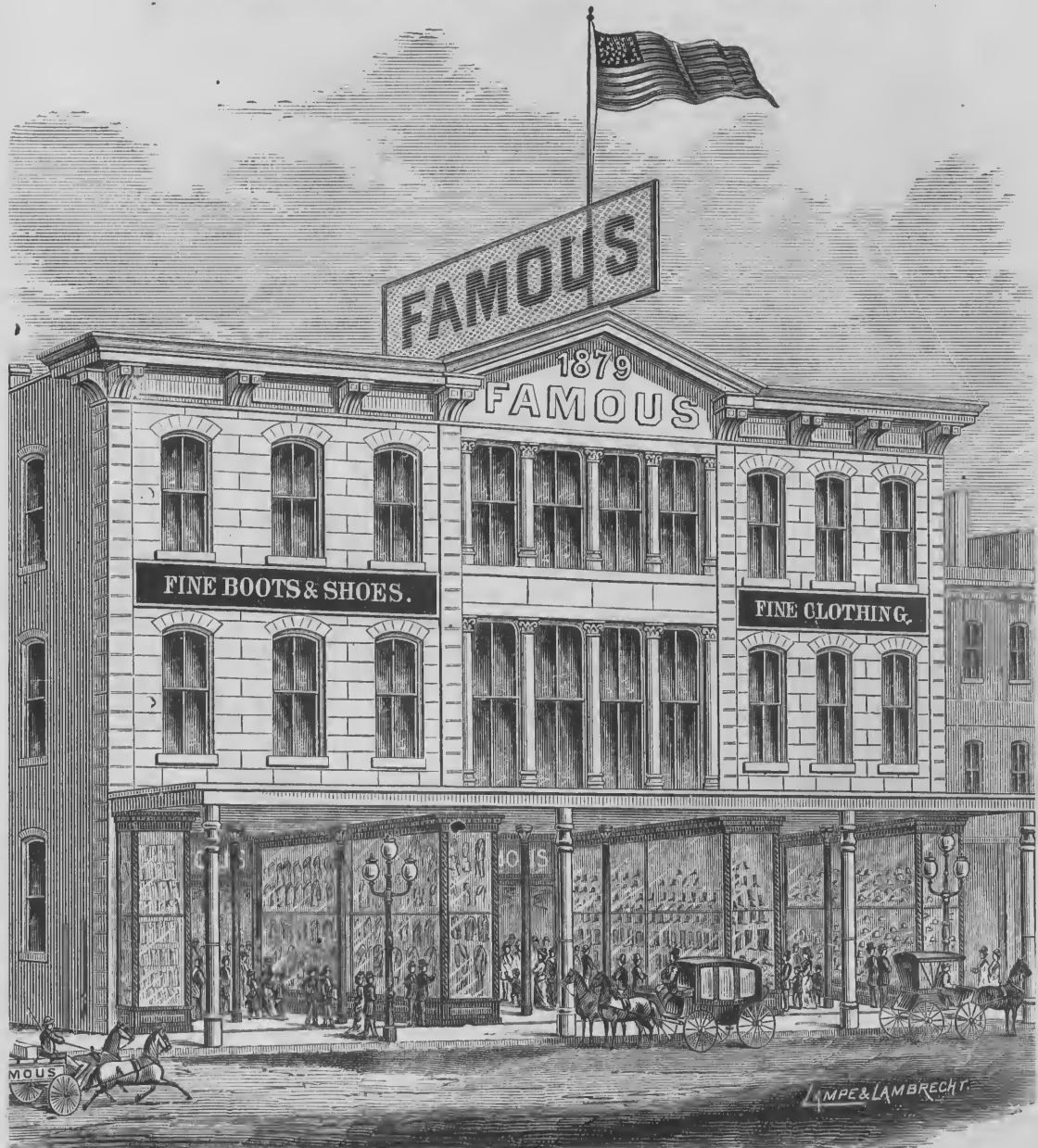
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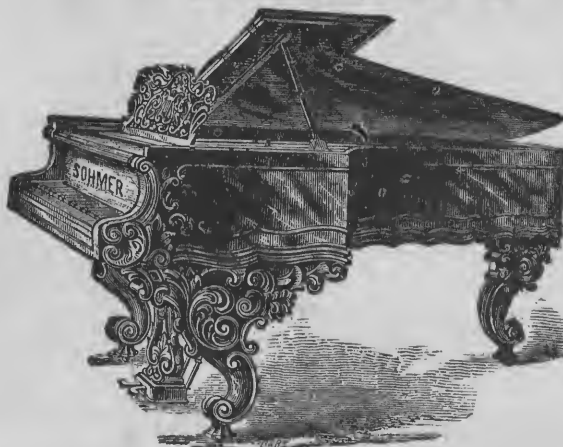
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KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

A JOURNAL

Devoted to Music, Art, Literature, and the Drama.

Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 4.

A ROMANCE IN SKELETON.

A calm, delightful autumn night—
A moon's mysterious, golden light—
A maiden at her window height,
In robes of pure and fleecy white.

The little wicket gate ajar—
A lover tripping from afar,
With tuneful voice and light guitar,
To woo his radiant guiding star.

A lute with soft, insidious twang—
Oh! how the doting lover sang.
A bull-dog, with remorseless fang—
A nip, a grip, a deathly pang.

A maiden with a startled glance—
A shrieking for deliverance—
A kind of wierd, hilarious dance—
A pair of riven doeskin pants.

A maiden fainting with affright—
A lover in a sickening plight—
A bull-dog chuckling with delight—
A wild, delirious autumn night.

COMICAL CHORDS.

SWEET strains—Clear honey.

A "C-FLAT."—A stupid sailor.

A GRATE singer—The tea-kettle.

THE music of the Union—The wedding.

EPITAPH on a Butcher: Pork—reacher, he's no more!

IT is sad to think that a forger may be a writeous man.

WHEN is a young girl like a music book? When she is full of airs.

A SINGER should not live in a glass house, since he throws tones.

AND now Lady Godiva is said to be a myth—a bare falsehood, as it were.

ACTORS should be watched closely on election day. They are professional repeaters.

SOME one inquires, "Where have all the ladies' belts gone?" Gone to waist long ago.

FERRANTI has dedicated a waltz he has composed to his dog! It should have been a bark-arole.

"NINE o'clock!" said madame, looking at her watch, "I must begin to undress for the ball."

ORGANISTS must be careful. A man was recently fined in a police court of Boston for pedaling without a license.

LITTLE Gertie (after waiting some time for dessert)—"Uncle, don't you have anything after dinner?" Uncle—"Yes, dear; the dyspepsia."

ORAL INSTRUCTION.—Auntie—"Well, Charley, what have you been doing to-day in school?" Small boy—"Oh, nothing much. Teacher's been gabbin'."

CONUNDRUMS.—Why have you a right to pick an artist's pocket? Because he has pictures. Why can not a pantomimist entertain nine Esquimaux? Because he can ges-tickle-ate.

"EVERYBODY is looking at Rhode Island," remarks the editor of the Providence *Dispatch* in the course of an editorial on "The Duty of the Hour." This explains the recent advance in the price of microscopes.

SEEING that the fire was getting low during the performance of a long concert piece, in a chilly parlor, a gentleman asked his neighbor, in a whisper, how he should stir the fire without interrupting the music. "Between the bars," was the reply.

A GERMAN paper had occasion to use the number "125,000," and wishing to put it in letters instead of figures, the following was the result: "Einmahlundertfunfundzwanzigtausend." (The compositor will please put it in figures hereafter!)

LAWYER C. (entering the office of his friend, Dr. M., and speaking in a hoarse whisper)—"Fred, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth." Dr. M.—"Well, I'm glad that it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

THERE is a certain clergyman who is noted for his long sermons. One Sunday, when he had reached his "nineteenthly," he stopped a moment, and after taking breath, he asked: "What shall I say more?" "Say 'amen!'" responded a voice from the choir.

UP to the hour of going to press, one million dollars had not been subscribed to bring Wagner and his music to this country. As a Scotch bag-piper and two Italian artists on the hand-organ were in town last week, we don't suppose our people miss Wagner much.

THE New York *Graphic* says that "An American youth has gained the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire of Music for playing on the trombone." If he had the good sense to go to Paris to learn to play on the trombone, the Americans should also give him a prize.

BOATSWAIN of an ocean steamer to seaman who seems to be hunting for something: "Well, what are you looking for?" "For a pail." "What do you want of a pail?" "I want to wash my face." "Oh, open your mouth, and you won't have any face to wash?"

AN ambitious mamma complained to the music master that her daughter was going back in music. "Why so, madam?" asked the professor. "Because," she replied, "Seraphina tells me that her last piece was in five sharps, and the one she is now learning is only two!"

A VIOLINIST on a Nevada stage was anxiously turning out of the keys of his violin backward and forward, but it did not suit him. He turned it over and over again, while the audience impatiently waited, until a voice came from the gallery: "Chonny, yoost hit der bung."

A SENSITIVE plant (Herr Pumpernickle, having just played a composition of his own, burst into tears.)—Chorus of his friends—"Oh, what is the matter? What can we do for you?" Herr Pumpernickle—"Ach! Nossing! Bot ven I hear really coot music, zen must I always weep."

"Do you see here where you are charged, sir, with being drunk and disorderly?" observed the recorder, holding out the affidavit just signed and sworn to by the policeman. The tramp took the affidavit and read it carefully, upside down, and replied: "Am I to blame? I never wrote that."

AN English military band had a leader with his own interpretation of the Italian marks of expression on the music. One day he shouted to one of his musicians: "You have a little bit of a solo there; shove it out!" The individual thus addressed answered in a low tone, "My part is marked 'pp,' Mr. O'Rourke." "To be sure," answered O'Rourke, "'pp' means 'purty powerful!'"

A BAKER, whose loaves had been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," when going his round to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole," was her reply.

OFFENBACH was witty, but his wit was rather the result of attrition with the Parisian art-world in which he had so long lived than a natural growth; he could make cutting and often harsh observations, but those who knew him best were well aware that, cynical as was his speech and brusque as was sometimes his manner, he was at heart kind and charitable. His vanity was great, but it revealed itself in ways more amusing than offensive. Numberless anecdotes illustrative of this weakness are told, and of many of them could it be said: "Se non e vero e ben trovato." The most characteristic was told apropos of his interview with the Emperor William at Ems. The Emperor said: "We, too, have a right to be proud of you, Herr Offenbach, for you were born, I am informed, at Bonn." "No, your majesty," was Offenbach's answer. "The other man was born at Bonn; I am a native of Cologne." The other man was Beethoven.

Kunkel's Musical Review.

I. D. FOULON, A. M., LL. B., - - - EDITOR.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"Peace upon earth! Good will to men!"

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

THE man who "would rather lie on credit than tell the truth for cash" gave a striking example of moral obliquity; but the editor who gets neither cash nor credit for inventing and publishing what he knows to be false, is a living monument not only of moral obliquity, but also of intellectual stupidity. He lives in Cincinnati, and his name is—well, we'll not give it this time.

THE CASE IN A NUT-SHELL. (*Small boy playing on a Jews'-harp, who feels he's MUSICAL and thinks he's PEOPLE, to the editor of the REVIEW*). "Look-a-yer, you ————" (*Noise of thunder, blue blazes, and smell of brimstone.*) "Look-a-yer; stop yer hittin' me, 'coz it ain't me yer a-hittin', but 'nother feller!" (*Runs away rubbing his skin; then from a distance.*) "Yer a liar an' a thief, yer are, an' I'm a gentleman!" (*Runs again.*)

It is a mistake for a man to think himself a Samson simply because Nature, which doeth all things well, has, from his birth, furnished him with the weapon with which the Hebrew hero slew the Phillistines. Nature always intends the instrument in question to answer its natural and ordinary ends. This is not only a great truth, it is also a bit of "personal journal-

ism," accurately calculated by the REVIEW astronomer for the latitude and longitude of Porkopolis.

THE *Musical People*, which deprecates personal journalism, had an article on *The Musical Editors* in its November issue from which we cull the following gems:

"T. D. TOOKER, of *Folio*, is the most expert—with the seissors.

"L. C. ELSON, of *The Score*, is the wittiest. He is a funny fellow, but a very superficial writer.

"I. D. FOULON, of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, is most sensational and unscrupulous."

As to what concerns us, we know that small boys who receive a severe kick where the spine loses its identity, always consider the kicker "sensational and unscrupulous." Will the small boy in question allow us to suggest that if he could borrow Tooker's seissors and Elson's superficiality he might succeed in getting up a readable paper, and grow up to be a relatively decent fellow instead of a blackguard?

WHEN a man has reached the distinction of being the "only greatest" double-ended editor, and is accustomed to fight himself in two different papers, it is not to be wondered at that he should eventually forget himself, and show himself to be divided against himself in the same publication. It will afford our readers some amusement to learn that the two paragraphs which we append are taken *verbatim* from the editorial columns of the November issue of "one of the musical papers published in Cincinnati":

"There is too much of what is called 'personal journalism' among the musical papers. Let us leave that to our brethren of the religious publications."

"When the editor of *Musical People* so far outrages decency and good taste as to put his name in big letters at the head of this journal, and in every issue boasts of his scintillations, it will be time for the childish criticisms of certain esteemed contemporaries. It is execrable judgment, however, for any editor with stolen titular appendages to guess at the identity of a rival editor, and hurl anathemas at an imaginary foe."

"Consistency, thou art a jewel," but little appreciated by double-ended editors! But justice is greater than consistency, and the victory of truth is better than peace, and we, at least, will overlook inconsistency and do all in our power to have justice done. Who is the editor "with stolen titular appendages?" Let us know who it is, Brother, and, although we do not see why it is more "execrable" for an editor with titular appendages to "guess at the identity of a rival editor" than it is for a "rival editor" who, without titular appendages, for reasons best known to himself (native modesty, perhaps), tries to conceal his identity, to anonymously "hurl anathemas at" one who "puts his name in big letters at the head of his journal," we promise our aid to the "rival editor" and "imaginary foe" in hunting down and exposing to the condemnation of all decent people the wicked braggart and sneak-thief of titular appendages. Now, Brother, bring on your evidence, and let's convict the rascal! By the way, Brother, do you identify those titular appendages as having been stolen from you?

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

Musical erities all over our country are accustomed to point out the low stage of the musical taste of the American public. While much of this style of criticism has its origin merely in the desire of the critic to show his superiority over the *profanum vulgus*, and just to that extent is "buncombe," it can not be denied that the assertion has a substratum of truth. And yet, in no country, we think, is there so much money expended for what passes for musical instruction. No young woman considers herself quite a lady (and in this happy republic even the kitchen maid is, in her own estimation, a lady) until she can thrum upon the piano.

This lack of musical taste and comprehension we speak of is quite as common among those who have attained even a considerable degree of mechanical skill in performing upon the instruments in ordinary use as it is among those who confessedly know nothing about music. Indeed, as, in the former case, real ignorance is usually coupled with great pretensions, it becomes so obtrusive, as well as offensive, that one might be led to think that those who "have no music in their souls" are to be found mostly among those who style themselves musicians.

If we ask for an explanation of this state of affairs, some will answer, "We are not a musical people," which, if true, is but repeating the problem in another form; others will blame the publishers of music for issuing so much trashy music, leaving unexplained the demand for just the trash which is so largely published; and still others, paraphrasing the rhetorician's saying concerning poets, will sententiously say, "Musicians are born, not made!" Without entering upon a discussion of these answers or others which might be made, nor denying that some of them may furnish a partial explanation of the condition of things to which we have referred, we think that the principal factor in this result is to be sought for and found in our system of musical instruction; and in this, not only the common herd of incompetents who style themselves "professors of music," but also many really capable teachers are at fault.

Deprived, as our people generally are, of that potent means of musical education for the million—familiarity, through free or cheap popular orchestral renditions of the works of the masters, with the higher forms of music—which our transatlantic neighbors enjoy, the music master must be the principal—we might say the sole—educator of our national taste in music. Music as one of the fine arts is necessarily, in its truest forms, a work of imagination. But how many of our music teachers teach it as such? Term after term, year after year, the piano pupil is put through the *one, two, three, four, one-and-two-and-three-and-four* drill; is told how to sit so as to have a good position, is initiated into the mysteries of *legato* and *staccato* touch, in short, into everything which can produce mathematical and mechanical exactness; the vocalist is taught in the same manner, how to use the vocal organs as a musical instrument, and that is all. When we eventually are called upon to listen to the finished pianist or singer, we are astonished that they

should perform like Vaucanson's automaton, rather than like beings endowed with a soul: and yet that is but the natural and logical result of the system of instruction which has been followed. The real wonder is rather that there should be some pupils who, in spite of the vicious method in question, rise to a proper comprehension of music as a fine art. Expression—the word itself implies it—is the speaking forth of the inner sentiment, and therefore is absolutely dependent upon a proper comprehension thereof; but a pupil will never learn to comprehend a piece of music simply by learning to execute it, for, logically, a proper comprehension must precede a proper execution. True, lessons in expression are often given to the more advanced pupils, but, in the first place, those lessons are too often only mechanical directions how to imitate genuine expression; and, in the second place, it is evident that a capacity to comprehend musical works and appreciate them at their real value must be of slow growth, the result of protracted and careful tuition, save, of course, with those favored natures whom we call geniuses.

The critical study of musical works should go hand in hand with the study of musical execution; indeed, as but few of those who study music ever expect to become *virtuosi*, or even proficient amateur performers, it would seem that, with the majority of pupils, more time ought to be given to teaching how to listen to and judge of music compositions than to the rendering of them. A music teacher should never ask a pupil to practice a piece until he has analyzed it for his pupil and led him, as far as the circumstances of the case will permit, to understand its inner meaning. Of course, such a system would impose additional labors upon the teachers, but its results would be beneficial alike to them, to their pupils, and to the art of music itself. Such teaching would, in a very short time, revolutionize our national taste for music and make of us the most musically critical nation in the world. But, will our teachers do it? We are hopeful, but not at all confident.

It was a not uncommon occurrence, during the last year's concert season, for the editor or one of the publishers of the REVIEW to be asked by the participants therein why such or such a local concert had not been noticed in our columns. When the question was put, "Did you send any tickets?" it was generally found that they thought some one else had done so, but that they themselves had failed to see it done. At the opening of this concert season we wish to state, once for all, what our position is in this matter. Whenever a musical performance of any kind is of real importance as a musical event, as well as when some musical wind-bag needs to be exploded, we are there, tickets or no tickets. (It is due to the managers of all the first-class musical performances which were given in this city last season to say that with one exception—that of the then mis-manager of the Joseffy concerts—they have been extremely courteous to the REVIEW and liberal in their offers of complimentary tickets or passes.) But so far as the common run of local con-

certs are concerned, as in the past so in the future, we shall take every failure to provide us with complimentary tickets as an indirect request not to notice, which we shall respect so long as the true interests of music will permit. To those who do send us concert tickets, we wish to say distinctly that we always consider our presence and time as more than equivalent therefor; so that no obligation therefrom arises on our part to notice such concerts with any more fullness, or in terms of greater praise, than we think they deserve, or than we should had we paid full price for our admission. Any other course we should consider incompatible with honorable and independent journalism.

THEY have them in Boston, it seems, from the following extract from the *Musical Herald*:

"A nuisance in the concert-room calling for abatement is the callow youth who waits until all applause has subsided, and then claps his hands noisily to make himself heard. The obtrusive sound is answered by some other ninny on the opposite side of the house, and perhaps by half a dozen; and a running fire of hand-salutes follows, without further excuse than the desire of as many mellow-pated young men to make a noise. Not infrequently senseless recalls and encores are born of this business, and thus it becomes the source of positive mischief. The affliction is confined chiefly to cheap concerts and 'dead-head' audiences, but it sometimes becomes a source of annoyance at our best entertainments."

"Misery loves company," and it is some consolation for us to know that we have some fellow-sufferers. Now, Brother *Herald*, if you will tell us how to abate the nuisance, we will join you in the noble undertaking. How would it do to have Congress pass a law offering a reward for the scalps of the ninnies in question? Surely nothing short of absolute extermination will ever stop them.

Singers' Mispronunciations.

There is a class of people whose power of language barely admits of a careful use of English, but to make up for that they bring out the most remarkable French. I heard a man say enthusiastically, "entrez, entrez," meaning encore. Another pronounced rendezvous as rendisvows. There was a man playing the disappointed lover in an amateur rendition of the "Lady of Lyons," who drew down the house by pronouncing chateau as "chatter," and who, even in the use of his native tongue, stumbled over the word "churl," and pompously said to Pauline, "Thy husband is but a low-born curl."

The large army of amateur singers one meets have, as a general thing, a curious way of keeping the words of a song in the backs of their mouths, so there is no end of the mistakes hearers make over them. A child who heard the hymn "Hold the Fort," thought the line about a "stranded wreck" was something about a "strangled drake."

I suppose many have heard of the countryman who went into a church as the choir began the anthem, "We all like sheep," which they made sound as if it were an assertion of their taste of food.

"We all like sheep," sang the soprano.

"We all like sheep," warbled the tenor.

"We all like sheep," growled the contralto and bass.

"Well, I don't," said the worthy rustic, and walked out.

A lady who prided herself with the pathos with which she sung Claribel's little ballad:—

"Loyale je serai durant ma vie,"

was quite taken back when a child said, "Consin, do sing that pretty song, 'Royal sir, sherry hurrah for me.'"

Another lady came out at a concert to sing Millard's "When the Flowing Tide Comes In," the last of which goes this way:

"Peace, let him rest; God knoweth best."

With a voice trembling with emotion she sang:

"Peace, let him roast; God knoweth boast."

Many years ago, when the song—

"Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, she soft as the dawn,"

was in fashion, a girl who heard a public singer give it picked it up by ear and thought the words were:

"Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen Bawn,
He poulticed the hawk, she salted it down."

The Photophone Abroad.

American scientists will be gratified by the hearty appreciation given by their fellow-laborers abroad to the photophone recently invented by Professor Bell. In a late issue the British science journal *Nature* not only admits that he has successfully attacked the problem of transmitting speech without wires, electricity, or any mechanical medium, and by the sole agency of light, but expresses its belief that the distances through which sound has been actually transmitted by the photophone will be greatly increased. "Light is thus made to produce sound, and the ancient fable of Menmon's statue," says the London *Times*, "is realized by modern science." The colossal statue near Thebes, according to Strabo, uttered a melodious sound every morning when greeted by the rising sun, and a lugubrious note at sunset. But the photophone will speak at all hours, day or night, when the rays of light, solar or artificial, are made to play upon its delicate diaphragm.

By a method of heating selenium to a certain point and then cooling it, and by certain improvement in the method of attaching the connecting wires, Professor Bell constructed plates so sensitive as to render audible the blow struck by a ray of light. Speaking to a transmitting instrument, which flashes the vibrations along a beam of light to a distant station, the sounds of the voice are reproduced. The transmitter is simply a plain and flexible mirror of thin glass or mica, against the back of which the speaker's voice is directed, while a powerful beam of light is thrown upon the mirror, so as to be reflected direct to the receiver, the intermittent rays concentrated on its sensitive disk causing it to repeat the very words of the speaker.

Nothing could be simpler than this device, which experiment has shown can be worked with the electric or other artificial light and is not dependent upon an unclouded sun. The chief question yet to be settled before the photophone can be made a great practical success is how far it will transmit speech. Hitherto, owing partly to the optical difficulties in managing a beam of light, sounds have not been audibly reproduced for more than 250 yards; but Prof. Silvanus Thompson thinks the new method can be applied "from one station to another wherever a beam of light can be flashed." That this is practicable is yet to be experimentally demonstrated, and doubtless the photophone can not for a considerable time be expected to rival the telephone as a means of correspondence in the large cities. But that it will have its own distinct and wide sphere of usefulness at an early day is beyond question. Perhaps one of the best uses it can be put to, so soon as the experiments are completed, may be for establishing interlocutory communication between the light-houses and signal and life-saving service stations along our Atlantic coast, which would immensely increase their efficiency at times when marine disasters are common.

Musical.

Never is a nation finished while it wants the grace of art;
Use must borrow robes from beauty, life must rise above the mart.

Music in St. Louis.

The musical season in our city has hardly fairly begun, and, from present indications, it seems unlikely to begin in good earnest until after the holidays. No respectable opera troupe (unless by courtesy we call the Abbott troupe such), has yet visited us, and our local musicians seem to have been seized with a species of lethargy. It is more than probable that just when other attractions come they will rush into the field, and then, because the musical people of our city cannot be present at half a dozen musical entertainments at once, we shall be put down as entirely unmusical. The truth is bad enough without having matters made worse by such mismanagement.

Aside from the Abbott performances, which are known, the extent of the last month's music has been two or three local concerts—one given by the Y. M. C. A., in which our amateur talent did itself justice, a cantata of some sort which we did not hear, but which, according to the city papers, was sung at the Mercantile Library Hall to a very slim audience, and a complimentary concert to Mrs. Lizzie L. Bouvier, which was fairly attended, and deserves more than a passing mention. The beneficiary was assisted by Miss Christin and by Messrs. Bowman, Heerich, Branson, Steins, Robyn and White. Mrs. Bouvier, in her rendition of her selection from "*Le Pre aux Clercs*," showed a well cultivated voice of excellent natural quality, and she fairly earned the *encore*, which brought her out to sing *Traumerei*, which was most excellently rendered. Mr. Heerich's violin obligato to the same piece was really excellently done, though he shone most in his rendering of the violin solo which shortly followed.

St. Louis has no better tenor than Mr. Branson and no better baritone than Mr. Steins, and it is sufficient to say that they both did themselves ample justice. Miss Christin's singing was extremely well received. Prof. E. M. Bowman's selections from Bach and Ruff were interpreted as few organists could interpret them, and, of course, Mr. Robyn's accompaniments were acceptable. But, why, in the name of common sense, was a xylophone solo introduced? Doubtless Mr. White plays the instrument (?) well enough, but where is the music? The next step would be to introduce an acrobatic performance. Another infiction, but not one peculiar to this concert, was the *encores* which everything received, and which seemed to indicate that the audience did not altogether know or did not care what they were about.

We had the pleasure of being one of a small (but, of course, select) party who met at the Beethoven Conservatory a few evenings since to listen to the singing of a few songs by Mrs. Goodrich, the amiable wife of Prof. Goodrich, of the Beethoven Conservatory. Mrs. Goodrich's selections were "The Kerry Dance," Molloy; Beethoven's "Adelaide," and two songs by Schumann, "Is it True" and "*Er der Herlichste von Allen*." Mrs. Goodrich showed a clear and powerful voice of good cultivation and more than ordinary power of interpretation. We welcome her as an addition to the ranks of the musicians of our city, and hope to hear her often again. Mr. Hauchett and Mr. Waldauer rendered the "Sonata in A. Minor" of Rubinstein in good style.

Hints to Singers.

Signor Randegger, the eminent teacher of vocal music in London, writes:

"Human voices differ from each other as greatly as human faces. Every individual receives from nature a voice distinguished by some special quality—either clear, mellow, or sonorous—muffled, nasal, or guttural.

"The first three qualities characterize a sound, healthy voice; the latter three, a defective one. Imperfections of this kind, however, are not always entirely irremediable, and therefore, next to the skillful management of the breath, the subject to which both master and pupil should devote their watchful and unremitting attention when commencing the practice of the 'preparatory exercises for the emission of the voice,' must be its 'beauty of tone.'

"The elements of beauty of tone in the human voice are purity, clearness, and resonance.

"Purity is obtained by attacking the sound firmly and with precision, giving a very slight impulse to the condensed column of air which impels the vibration of the vocal organs, and emitting only the quantity of breath necessary for the production of tone combining sufficient strength with a pleasant quality.

"Clearness is best obtained when the voice is emitted upon any open vowel, such as A, broadly pronounced, as in the word 'father.'

"Re-sonance is acquired by opening the mouth naturally, without effort, and in a well-proportioned manner; and by directing the column of tone as far forward in the mouth as possible, so that the cavity of the mouth may act as a sounding-board to the voice, and thus enlarge the wave of sound."

A GLEE CLUB'S EXPERIENCE.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER MRS. DOUGHERTY LET THE SMOKE OUT OF HER ROOM.

He came into the *Bulletin* office this morning and asked us if we wanted a good item from Maunayunk. We said we did. He said he had one. Then he told us this story, which we give for what it is worth:

"Nobody knows precisely whose fault it was, but it has caused a good deal of unpleasant feelings. The club had just been organized, and it had met to have its first rehearsal. It began by trying to sing the 'Hallelujah Chorus.' Now, I knew, of course, that some of the members could not sing much, and when the crowd first started in on the chorus, maybe they did make a kind of uproarious noise, but nobody will make me believe that it sounded like the shrieks and groans of the dying.

"However, that was what the people outside said, and it happened just about the time that the club began to sing that Mrs. Dougherty, who lives on the first floor of the building, opened her windows to let out the smoke that was caused by the chimney not drawing. Several passers-by thought the house was on fire, and when the club commenced to howl they let on that the family on the second story was being burned limb from limb by the cruel flames, and were emitting fiendish and heart-rending yells in the midst of their cruel suffering.

"Anyway, somebody hallooed 'Fire!' and then somebody else started the alarm-bell, and in a couple of minutes or so the fire company came tearing around the corner, wild with anxiety to extinguish the conflagration.

"And the club, all the time perfectly unconscious of the excitement, kept right on, upstairs, their screeching out the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' so that by the time the firemen got the hose screwed on the plug there were about eight hundred people in front of the house demanding to know why somebody didn't get a ladder and rescue those wretched victims from an awful death. And the foreman of the company at last got so perfectly frantic about the agonizing screams of those roasting people that he smashed in the front door with an ax, and, rushing in, carried Mrs. Dougherty down the steps, she screaming all the time, with the impression that the foreman was some kind of a robber who had come to snatch her away from her home and fly with her to some damp cave in the mountains so that he could marry her.

"And when the president of the club came to the window to see what was the matter, he had hardly got his nose against the glass before a fireman upon a ladder smashed a sash with a spanner and turned in a two-inch stream, which washed the president across the room and caused the other members to howl louder than ever.

"So, for a while, it was mighty exciting, and at last, when the members came crowding down the stairs—wet through, but not a bit scorched, and mad as fury—the news generally spread through the crowd that there wasn't a fire, after all.

"Then, after a bit, they shut off steam on the engine, and rolled up their things and went home, all except the foreman, who dodged down the alley and took to the open country, closely pursued by Mrs. Dougherty with a club, and bent, as she informed the by-standers, upon killing the man who dragged her from her home and hugged her while he carried her down the steps."

Haines Bros. Score Another Triumph.

Our Mr. Charles Kunkel, who is at present in the East, writes in a recent private letter from Philadelphia in the following laudatory terms of Haines Bros.' New Grand piano, which he had the pleasure of hearing at a concert given at the Academy of Music, and also to play upon and examine for himself:

"The New Grand piano of Haines Bros. is a most magnificent piano. Its tone is very powerful, sonorous, even and sympathetic throughout its different registers. It filled the large Academy of Music from top to bottom, and the vast audience assembled, who passed upon this new candidate for public favor, recalled the artist again and again, expressing its delight and admiration for both artist and instrument. The verdict was unanimous that the New Grand is a wonderful instrument. Its action is perfect—if there exists such a thing. It has an individuality and beauty of tone which is hard to describe or to compare to Grands of other makes. The Grand of Steinway & Sons' manufacture you have lately seen in your city, and are not unlike in tone, and may be compared to it. I feel confident the New Haines' Grand will create a sensation wheresoever it is heard. As soon as one arrives in St. Louis do not fail to see and examine it."

We annex the following from the able critic of the *American Art Journal*, who is no less enthusiastic than our Mr. Charles Kunkel over Haines' New Grand:

"This New Parlor Grand combines all that is required by an artist, an evenness of scale, a prompt and elastic touch, and a quality of tone equal to various shades of expression; while the middle register is beautiful in the extreme, and the treble is of that pure crystalline quality so much sought after but seldom attained. The instrument was heard in every note through the vast auditorium, and was remarkable for its clearness of utterance and rapidity of response to each shade of touch by the performer. Its dimensions are only six feet eight inches in length, and in its design we observe lines of perfect beauty and symmetry that appeal to artistic taste. The instrument is unquestionably a successful effort, and will contribute much to the reputation of the house."

Miscellaneous.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

ROME is delighted with Wagner's "Rienzi."

THE General Association of German Musicians now numbers 6,437 members.

OFFENBACH listened to the reading of a new libretto only the day before his death.

OVER 13,000 persons attended the musical festival held a few weeks ago at Leeds, England.

MARIE VAN ZANDT is back at the Opera Comique, Paris, and renewing her former success.

HERR THEODOR WACHTEL recently sang in "Le Postillon de Longjumeau" for the 1,200th time.

THE newspapers are again marrying off Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, this time to a French marquis.

GERMAN papers say that Hans Richter will go to London next summer to conduct concerts and operas.

A NEW concert-hall, to cost 800,000 marks, is to be erected in Leipzig. Of the amount, 600,000 are already assured.

ADAMOWSKI has composed an opera (libretto by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe) which is to be produced in Boston soon.

RECENTLY, at the Petersburg Opera House, Russia, the 516th representation of Glinka's opera, "Life for the Czar," was given.

MISS MINNIE HAUCK's recent performances in Aix-la-Chapelle, Prague, and Cologne were received with great enthusiasm.

XAVIER SCHARWENKA has formed a company in Berlin to give concerts of chamber music. Joachim's concerts began there about the middle of last month.

LETITIA L. FRITSCH has been engaged as the soprano of the Sternberg-Wilhelmj combination. C. H. Dittmar will be the manager, and Alfred Joel advance agent.

ON October 9th Verdi completed his sixty-seventh year. On this occasion the illustrious master received an infinite number of dispatches from all parts of Italy and from foreign countries also.

AT the next Philharmonic concert, New York, the famous piano virtuoso Franz Rummel, will play for the first time in public his new and brilliant transcription of "Why are Roses Red?"

FRAULEIN MARIA KREBS, the pianiste, who, some time ago, lost temporarily, the use of one of her fingers through inflammation, is able to play again. She performed recently at the first Enterpe concert in Leipzig.

WE are happy to hear from Prof. J. Waldauer, of Mobile, Alabama, the brother of Prof. A. Waldauer, of the Beethoven Conservatory, that he is having great success as a teacher and that he is almost daily compelled to refuse pupils. Merit will always tell.

THE Rive-King concert troupe is winning golden opinions wherever it appears. Mrs. King's own arrangement of Strauss' *Wiener Bon-bons* is ever one of her most popular selections, and Brandeis' *Garotte*, in A minor, which often figures on her programmes, receives the encomiums of the *connoisseurs*.

AT a concert given on November 24, by the Southern Conservatory, Atlanta, Georgia, Miss Mabel Haynes, one of the pupils, sang with great success Melnotte's "Why are Roses Red?" The entire programme was fine, and its rendition proved the thoroughness of the instruction given by Prof. E. A. Schulze.

SIGNOR BOITO, the composer of "Mefistofele," is writing an opera to be called "Nerone," based upon incidents in the life of the Emperor Nero. The new work will become the property of Signor Campinini, at whose suggestion it was begun, and it will probably be brought out in the latter part of 1881 under Signor Campanini's personal direction.

Music exalts each joy, allays each grief;
Expels disease, softens every pain;
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days adored
One power of physis, melody, and song.

—Armstrong.

RUMORS have been afloat to the effect that next season Messrs. Steinway and Sons intend to establish German opera in the new Opera House in New York, with Mr. Candidus, the celebrated tenor, and brother-in-law of Mr. Steinway, for the "Siegfried," "Lohengrin," and other principal tenor roles in Wagner's music dramas, and with Mr. Theodore Thomas for conductor.

Musical People has fallen into the hands of Benham. This seems like a piece of retributive justice, for every paper that Benham has ever wrestled with as proprietor or editor has had to succumb. We expect the obituary about next April, but we'll suggest now as its epitaph:

DIED FOR THE COMMON GOOD!

THE Steek Concert Grand was used by S. B. Mills at the first concert of the New York *Liederkrantz* on November 28. Mr. Mills had not been heard for some time, and his performance was much enjoyed, and the superb qualities of the Steek piano drew favorable comments from the listeners. As Mr. William Steinway is president of the society in question, the go-by given to his pianos by an artist of Mr. Mills' eminence has a double significance.

THE Strakosch and Hess Grand English Opera Company has, we are glad to hear, met with deserved success. It is incomparably the best of English opera companies, and indeed the only one now on the road which is strictly first-class in all respects. Our friends who can attend but one season of English opera had better wait until Strakosch's advent than waste their funds upon the third-class shows which go about the country calling themselves "English opera companies."

OPERAS in rehearsal at the Paris Opera Comique: "Le Bois," by Mr. Alfred Cahen, and "L'Ivrogne Corrigé," by Mr. Nuitter and Mr. De Lajarte; "L'Urne," by Mr. Octave Feuillet and Mr. Eugene Ortolan, and "L'Amour Médecin," transformed into opera-comique by Mr. Charles Monselet and Mr. Poise; "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," by Jules Barbier and Offenbach; "La Perle du Brésil," "Le Pardon de Ploemel," and "La Galante Aventure." Besides these operas, "Mignon" will be revived for the reappearance of Mlle. Marie Van Zandt.

THE French journals give particulars about the rehearsal which took place at the Paris Opera House of Gounod's new opera, "The Tribute of Zamora," saying that the librettist, Emery, made all the spectators weep, and Gounod, who sang the opera, accompanying himself on the piano, awakened such enthusiasm that the affected listeners threw themselves into his arms. In short, this rehearsal was such an event that, if half the enthusiasm is created when the opera is represented on the stage, it will be a magnificent repetition of the scene which happened when "Poliuto" was first produced.

MARIE VAN, the American singer, whose success in Rome a few weeks ago was recorded, was born in France, and the name of her father was Beuliet. Her step-father's name was Van. She is well known in Cincinnati, which is her home. In Paris she has been under the care of Muzio, who is enthusiastic about her, and who went to Rome in order to attend her debut. Verdi and the Marchese d'Areusa warmly indorse her. She is about twenty, a well-made and handsome blonde, with golden hair, and she uses her handsome hands and arms with great effect. Her voice, a mezzo-soprano, has spirit, enthusiasm, and dash.

THE third concert of the Philharmonic Society of Boston, in the Music Hall, under the direction of Bernhard Listeman, was a great success. The solo artists were Miss Louise Barnes and Mr. W. H. Sherwood. Mr. Sherwood scored a genuine success; this was in a large measure due to the magnificent instrument furnished by Mr. Miller for the occasion. It was really the first time that Mr. Sherwood was heard to advantage in the large hall, the fine action and great volume and resonance of tone of the Miller Grand assisting his feminine touch in producing effects which he had hitherto attempted in vain upon the Steinway. Mr. Sherwood, we understand, is a convert to the Miller piano; nor is he alone since many other concert performers are rapidly adopting them.

THE principal actors in the *Passions-Spiele* at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, which came to a close on the 27th of September, have gone to Italy to take a holiday after their labors. During this time the scenery and properties will be put in repair for future use. They include the whale that swallowed Jonah, the sword of Judith, the trumpets of Jericho, the throne of Herod, the Roman victors' fasces, Jacob's pastoral staff and the seven-branched candlestick. Forty representations of the sacred drama were given, which produced the sum of £100,000, applied as follows: One-fourth to the erection of the theater and expenses of representation, one-fourth to the actors, one-fourth to the landed proprietors of Oberammergau, and the remaining fourth to the public schools of the district. Joseph Mayr, who personated Christ, received £30 as his share; that is not £1 per night. The number of spectators, who came from all parts of the world, reached 175,000, and included the King and Queen of Wurtemberg, the Prince Imperial of Germany, the Grand Duchess of Baden, the Bishop of Salzburg, and Edwin Booth, the actor.

Galignani's Messenger tells a good story of the tenor Duchesne, who was the hero of an interesting incident during the fighting at Chateaudun, the anniversary of the defense of which place has just been celebrated. It was ten at night; the Paris *franc-tireurs*, who had been fighting all day against odds of twenty to one, were retreating. The Prussians were masters of the town, which was lighted up by the burning houses. Eleven wounded *franc-tireurs* abandoned in the Hotel de Ville had fallen into the hands of the enemy and were in danger of being executed. Among them was Duchesne, the lyric artist. They were all searched and their papers examined carefully by a Prussian captain, who, in looking through Duchesne's portfolio, came across a paper containing the names

of a number of operas. "What is this?" he asked. "It is the list of operas I sing." Among others was the name of Weber's great work. "Ah," returned the captain, who was a musician, "you are an opera singer, and have sung in 'Der Freischütz.' Where was that?" "In Paris, at the Theatre Lyrique." "Then I must have heard you; you sang with one of our countrywomen, Mlle. Schroeder, did you not?" "That is so." The captain appeared to reflect; he drew Duchesne aside, and then, while passing through a dark street, said, "Run for your life." Duchesne did not wait to be told a second time; although wounded, he was not disabled, and succeeded in escaping from the town during the night, and was thus able to create the part of *Romeo* to Mme. Carvalho's *Juliet* in Gounod's work at the Paris Opera Comique.

THE date at which the Marsellaise was composed has been lately ascertained with considerable accuracy. It was probably the latter part of April, 1792. A letter has been published from M. de Chastelet to the Governor of Strasburg, in which he says: "I have not yet received M. de Lisle's war-song which you promised me." In May of the same year the Governor's wife writes to her brother in Basle informing him that her husband intended to have a war-song written for the occasion of the declaration of war in the previous month. She adds: "M. Rouget de Lisle, a captain of engineers, and a very charming composer, who, in a very short time, wrote the music which my husband, who has a good tenor voice, sang with much effect. I send you a copy of the music." The words of the song are common platitudes of patriotic orators of the day. Rouget de Lisle belonged to a club called the Club de l'Auditoire, which issued an address to the Department of the Rhine containing the sentence: "To arms, fellow-citizens. The standard of war is unfurled, the signal is given. To arms! The hour of fight has arrived. Victory or death." There can be no doubt that this revolutionary lyric was written, set to music, and sung at Strasburg.

Liszt and Chopin.

It was at Nahant, and in the early spring, when the evenings are just smiling into twilight. Liszt and Chopin, among many other celebrities, were guests at the hospitable house of the author of "Valvedre," and it was their custom after dinner for every one to listen for a few minutes to some inspiration of Liszt or Chopin, played in the dark.

One morning a discussion arose between the two giants as to which was the greater. Liszt made good his claim to immortality with great eloquence, and after he had done, Chopin simply remarked, "Of course you are a great man, but I am still greater than you, for I can imitate your finest inspiration perfectly, whereas I defy you to imitate me."

Liszt openly avowed that he could not imitate the great "Frederic," but at the same time offered to bet that he himself could not be imitated, as his current of thought changed from day to day, and he expressed himself on the piano-forte according to the inspiration of the moment. Chopin took the bet, nobody being present but the two great men and one other.

The following evening after dinner every one, as was the custom, sat in silence in the music-room, waiting for one of the two great musicians to play.

Suddenly a grand theme began, brilliant but pathetic; passion in the bass, and a fervent response in the treble; and then a grand dominant that stilled and overcame all, followed by a glorious flight of melody that seemed to ask for pardon, and then die away in regret!

"Bravo, Liszt! every one cried; how you give yourself in your music. That is one of your finest inspirations! Who could mistake it?"

Poor Liszt came trembling up to George Sand, and said, "Madame, it is not I; it is Chopin playing! He must be a god!"

The New York Musical Festival of 1881.

The musical festival to be held in New York, in May, 1881, will undoubtedly be the grandest musical event ever held in this country. Dr. Damrosch and the various committees are rapidly completing all the necessary arrangements in a manner to insure a most brilliant success. Some idea may be formed of the

vastness of the undertaking when we state that the estimated expense is some \$20,000, about one-half of which has already been subscribed. The chorus, which has been organized, comprises nearly twelve hundred carefully-selected voices, and is divided into six sections, so as to facilitate the preliminary rehearsals. The Oratorio Society section of four hundred meet at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Another New York section of two hundred meet at Trinity Chapel. The Newark section numbers two hundred, the Jersey City section one hundred and fifty, the Brooklyn section one hundred and fifty, and the Nyack (N. Y.) section one hundred. All have weekly rehearsals. The arrangements in the Seventh Regiment Armory promise to be convenient both for the accommodation of the public and the performers, the building being well adapted in every way for the purpose.

BUSINESS BUZZES.

THE Albrecht pianos are pushing the other makes in Philadelphia. There were four of them used at different concerts on the same evening a week or two ago, and two more applications for the same day refused. The Albrecht are first-class in all respects.

MESSRS. ISAAC ANDERSON and Harry Behning, respectively president and manager of the Celloid Piano Key Company, called upon us while in the city not long since. They report an ever-increasing demand for their piano and organ keys, of which nearly 250,000 sets are now in use. They are energetic, pushing business men, and, having a good thing, they are bound to make a success of it.

THE store of the William Barr Dry Goods Company is now the central attraction for the seekers after holiday presents, and deservedly so. The excellence, variety and beauty of their stock is unapproachable.

THE Mason and Hamlin Organ Company are always on the lookout for improvements. The latest which they are now introducing into all the instruments of their make is "Briggs' Improved Key Action," which is a really valuable invention, and deserves the attention of all people interested in reed organs.

DURING the early years of the reign of King Ernest Augustus in Hanover, the "Summer Concerts" came into fashion, and His Majesty frequently attended those on the list where the music was then as good as the refreshments. The price of admission was two groschens (about two pence), but the King always paid two louis d'or for himself with his own hand, leaving each of his suite to pay what he thought fit. A certain Count, however, repeatedly slipped through without paying, which attracted the King's attention. One day, on reaching the money-taker's box, His Majesty said: "My dear Count, I have forgotten my purse. You can pay for me to-day." Whether the Count ever got his two louis d'or back is unknown.

MOST French comedians, apart from their professions, have a mania or pursuit of some kind. M. Got is a collector of books and pictures; his library and gallery are most remarkable. M. Febvre collects decorations; he is also a good musician and composes waltzes. M. Maubant has a passion for billiards; M. Garrand writes songs for the Caveau; M. Barré is fond of angling, and studies his parts while fishing; M. Thiron is a savant in wines; M. Coquelin, cadet, writes in comic papers; M. Joilet is a wood-engraver; M. Martel is the author of a book called "Billets Doux d'un Comédien;" M. Truffier is a poet; M. Dupont Vernon writes on the art of declamation; M. Landrol, of the Gymnase, is an amateur cabinet-maker.

THE REVIEW is free of charge. Tell this fact to your neighbor.

THE REVIEW is free of charge. Tell this to your friends.

THE REVIEW is free of charge. Tell this to any musical person you may chance to meet.

The publishers desire that the whole world may know the great fact that the REVIEW is absolutely FREE OF CHARGE.

THE EMERSON PIANO CO.

The factory of the Emerson Piano Co., of Boston, which we recently had the pleasure of visiting, and through which we were shown by the urbane President of the company, Mr. Geo. W. Carter, is a marvel of completeness, compactness, and system. Entering the large building, on the right we found the mill room, with its ponderous engine of 120 horse-power, and on the left the packing room and board room, where we had an opportunity of viewing the cases in the wood.

Mr. Carter called our attention to the improvement in the construction of the square cases, explaining the whole method of the work—such as solid bottoms, cross-banded veneers on the cases, the wrest planks that give their tone, the standing quality, the improved sounding boards that give these instruments great fullness of tone. Then we entered the finishing room, where the pianos are prepared and finished. The tuning room was next; here we found the same methods of progress. We next entered the upright department, where Mr. Gramer—who, by the way, is the prince of good fellows—was seen presiding over this branch of the factory. The case room was next visited. This room, 225 feet long by 70 feet in width, was filled to its utmost capacity, and was a model of neatness and order. The varnish room next claimed our attention, and seemed to us perfectly adapted to its purposes. Then we descended by the elevator to the lower floor, where we looked at the process of making the hammers, with the most improved machinery and the best of German felt.

The building is as nearly fire-proof as it is possible to make it, and it is indeed a busy hive, and one in which there are no drones, but where the workers, who are treated like men by their employers, are apparently contented and happy. The company are so pressed with orders that they expect to occupy a new five-story building, covering an area of 700x70 feet, which is in process of construction, and which Mr. Carter has already dubbed "The Piano Factory of the Future." The Emerson Piano, however, is eminently a piano of the present, though its past success, of course, gives it a sort of mortgage on the hereafter. A visit to the manufactory of this company is alike profitable and instructive.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MIDDLETON, OHIO, Nov. 15th.

Which is the best book on Instrumentation, and where can it be had? By answering the above question through your *Review*, you would greatly oblige "Constant Reader."

We should say BERLIOZ, published in this country by Oliver Ditson & Co.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22, 1880.

Please tell me what make of Piano you would recommend as the very best?

ANNA J. C.

For an answer, see our advertising pages.

RALEIGH, Nov. 25th.

Who is Boito? Is he alive or dead, and what is or was his nationality? I have of late seen his name mentioned as a prominent musician, but my biographical dictionary does not mention him, and no one whom I have seen knows anything about him.

J. P. J.

You will find your inquiries anticipated, and we hope satisfactorily answered, in the sketch of Boito which we will give in our January number.

WRITING in the *Dresdner Nachrichten*, on Mme. Patti, Ludwig Hartmann says: "Just as we think of spring, which we do not criticize, but accept with open heart as a gift from heaven, so do we think of the singing of Mme. Patti. She does not, properly speaking, sing; she is musical tone incarnate; she breathes the breath of song, without making any effort, enchanting all full of deep feeling or excited by passion. She pours it forth; always without in the slightest degree reminding us of vocal mechanism, any more than does the warbling of the lark or of the nightingale."

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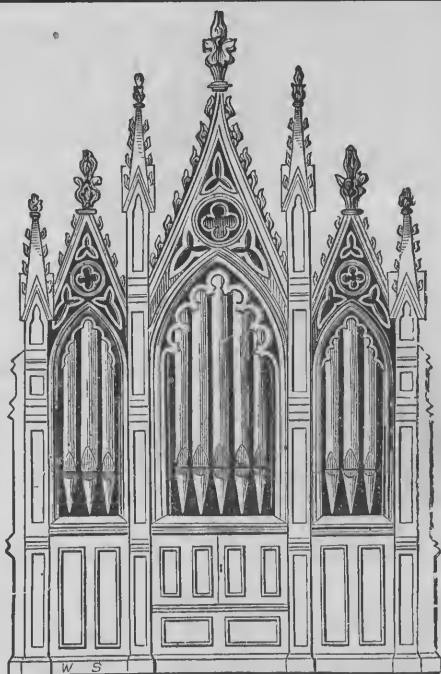
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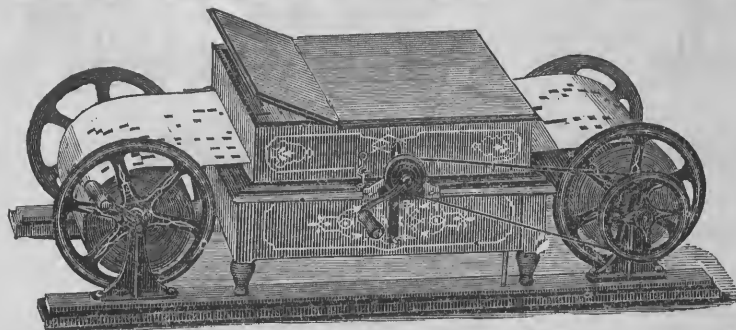
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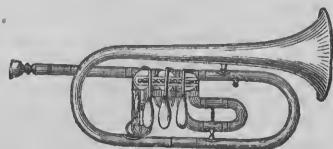
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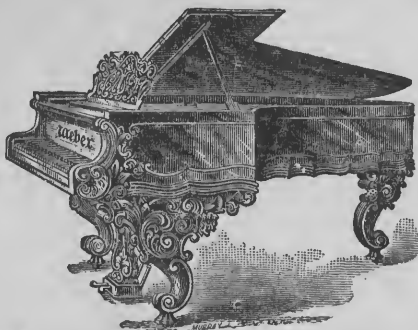
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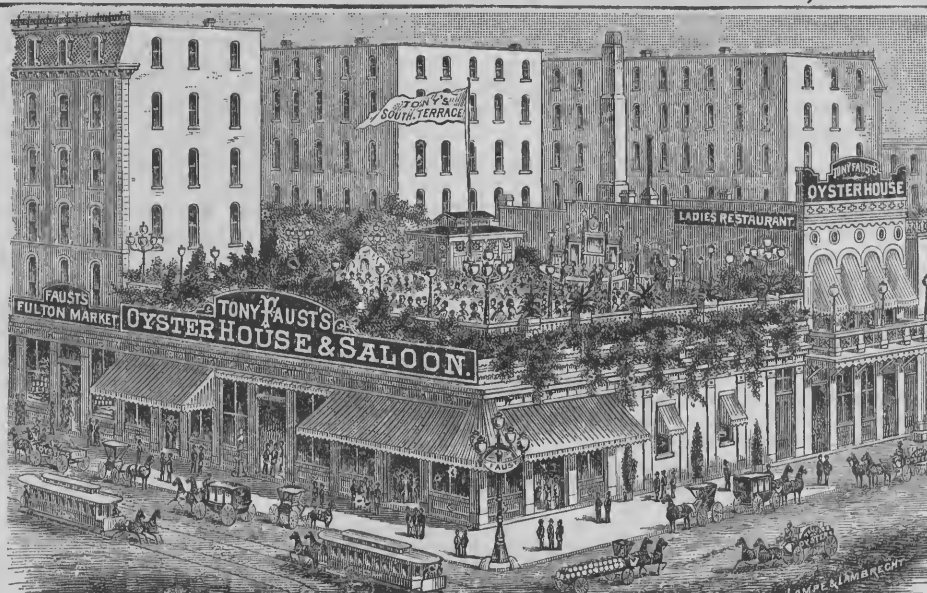
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Thou call'st me "wicked," just because,
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I sipped, from those dear lips of thine,
One red, red drop of love's new wine.
But hark! The saying's old (and new
Since truth, of course, is ever true)
That "Like seeks like." Now search thy heart;
Yes, search and probe its ev'ry part!
What find'st thou there?—A tear, a smile,
Much good, some ill, but nowhere guile.
If I be "wicked" (E'en as thou
Did'st use the word.) I ask thee now
If thou canst any reason see
Why thus my heart is drawn to thee?
Call me not wicked then, because
I've sinned against old Grundy's laws,
But let me, from those lips of thine,
Sip once again of love's new wine!

I. D. F.

For Kunkel's Musical Review.

"L'ADIEU."

BY COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

Few men have left so touching a memory as Schubert, who was but thirty-one years of age at his death, and whose soul was, so to speak, exhaled in a plaint as sorrowful as a sob, yet as soft as a sigh of love, as sweet, poetical, and fervent as a prayer, or the confession of faith of a martyr—for his last song is less on "Adieu" than the last appeal of a Christian soul, inviting to eternal love and to the unspeakable joys of heaven the sister-soul which it had met here below. It was just as he was about to cross the threshold of the heavenly portals that he addressed to her whom he had loved so much, the tenderest and most pathetic *adieu* ever expressed by a human tongue.

It is the history of this last *chef-d'œuvre* of the master that we here undertake to relate.

Franz Schubert was the son of an humble school-master of Vienna; his childhood was that of poor children in a populous city; but, from his earliest days, he bore the mark of the unfortunates whom Providence appoints to the great struggles of genius; misfortune during life and celebrity after death. As poorly clad as the other children of the common people, with whom he mingled, he was distinguished among them by the dreamy depth of his gaze and by a sort of absent-mindedness in his games and a certain oddity of manner, which proved that he was not like the others. At an age when all steady or profound study is a toilsome and unattractive task, he studied eagerly and had learned to think. Already he heard speaking within himself voices which seemed to him to come from above, and which threw him into a sort of ecstasy, which others did not understand, but which was full of delight for him.

He was but fourteen years of age when he composed a grand mass (*musica di camera*), and compositions for the piano which are justly admired in our day, but which then attracted no notice whatever, since it is related that the poor child was often, through lack of the money wherewith to buy it, without the necessary paper whereon to write the admirable melodies which the inner voices of which I have spoken, incessantly whispered in his ear.

He was but sixteen years of age when he wrote two master-pieces, *Erl König* and *Serenade*; which compelled a recognition of their author, although he was even then far from the fortune and the glory to which his genius permitted him to aspire; for he, whom Liszt was to call "the most poetical of musicians," died poor, and, like so many other great artists, was proclaimed illustrious only after his death.

It is reported that he composed with marvelous facility: for instance, he wrote *Erl König* in one hour, and without stopping; and this is how he composed the *Serenade*: Being, one day, with a few

rather hard companions in a common tavern in Vienna, called *Biersack*, he was abstractedly turning over the leaves of a volume of poetry, which one of the drinkers had brought with him; one piece, among others, attracted his attention; he remained in a *reverie* for a few minutes after having read it, and then he said: "It seems to me that I could write something pretty on that." Then his muse, sweet inspiration, whose accents he has repeated for us so poetically in more than a thousand melodies, bent over him and whispered the divine song which we have named above. Having no paper at command, he wrote it on the back of a bill of fare, upon the corner of a table soiled by the toppers, in the midst of the smoke of porcelain pipes, of the nauseous perfume of German sausages, spilled beer and Linburg cheese, amid the hiccoughs of the drunkards who surrounded him, the cries of children, the coarse buffoonery and the formidable guffaws which the ebriety of the guests of this den caused to burst forth at those of the tables where the guests did not philosophize concerning the rights of man, the social question or the doctrines of Hegel, for in all the taverns of gay *Deutschland* all these things are found floating in an indescribable atmosphere.

These two compositions caused him to be much talked about; but, while snatching him from obscurity, they did not give him wealth, for he is seen soon afterwards entering as professor of music into the house of Count Esterhazy.

He had for a pupil a delightful girl of sixteen, who joined to all the charms of a rare beauty and exquisite grace all the attractions of a great name, a high position in the world, and a princely fortune. When I speak of the attractions of fortune, I do not wish to imply that Schubert's soul was overcome by any thought of venality; we only wish to recall that, because of the pomp which wealth implies in elegant society and the species of halo with which it surrounds those who possess it, all the prosaic details of life disappear, the simplest acts assume an elevated, almost solemn, and often poetical form, which adds (especially for a dreamer such as was the young composer) peculiar attractions to the charms which inhere in woman, such as God has made her.

So long as they inhabited the Esterhazy palace, in Vienna, if Schubert loved his pupil, he did not know it; the humbleness of his position and of his origin, the homage which surrounded Caroline Esterhazy, both in the city and at the court, caused him to see in her so superior a being that she could inspire him with only a sort of affectionate worship, mingled with veneration and humble respect. When the summer came, the Esterhazys went to their estate of Zelesz, in Hungary, and Schubert accompanied them. It was there, in the presence of the magnificence of nature, that the soul of the poet was completely developed, and that he learned to know his own heart. The majesty and silence of the woods, the calm which brooded over the lakes and the limpidity of their waters, the noise of the cascades, the serenity of the starry nights, the splendors of the sunset, and the radiant up-blazings of the mornings, flooded his soul and submerged his brain in veritable oceans of harmony, which he exhaled in compositions that have remained immortal, because they are inimitable.

Upon his return to the *chateau*, after his long rambles upon the mountains or in the forest, Schubert wrote the songs which his enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, mingled with an adored image, had suggested to his heart. And when the evening came, he recited his compositions in the great *salon* of the *chateau*, where they were admired by all, and often praised by Caroline so warmly that he was, perhaps, led thereby to think that, in a great soul, genius may sometimes outweigh fortune; that poetry being a nobility conferred by God Himself, a bard might well become the rival of a knight.

Less surrounded with people than at Vienna, full of sympathetic admiration for the artist, Fraulein von Esterhazy was here more accessible; he saw her almost every hour, and the species of familiarity brought about by the necessities of country life almost led Schubert to a proposal.

One day they were a lone in the drawing-room, and he had just played for her one of those melodies full of feeling which she delighted in, when she said, in a tone of mingled coquettishness and mild reproach: "Why do you never dedicate anything to me?" Schubert was ugly; his nose was large, his lips were thick, there was about his features a certain roughness and heaviness which no care lessened, but his eyes were beautiful, deep, expressive, and sparkling with the fire of genius. He looked at the daughter of the magyars, and, in a voice full of emotion, he said to her: "Why should I? Is not all I write for you?" And this cry of a burning heart was accompanied with a glance so full of sorrow and tenderness that it was impossible for the young girl not to see in it the avowal of a love which deeply wounded her pride. She blushed scarlet, not with love, but with anger, while the poor artist, frightened by what he had just said and wounded as by a deadly shaft by the angry glance of her he loved so much, bowed his head, to conceal from her the tears which suddenly filled his eyes, stammered out a few incoherent words of excuse and regret, and left the *salon* with tottering footsteps and a broken heart.

From that day, the intercourse of the two young people became very different from what it had been before; a ceremonious politeness took the place of Caroline's affectionate familiarity; she ceased taking her lessons regularly, as if they had become painful or disagreeable, and carefully avoided being alone with her poetical but poor lover, who, reminded of the humbleness of his station by the legitimate coldness of the Count's daughter, and attributing it to disdain, endeavored upon his side to keep within himself the fire which consumed him. He became more eccentric and taciturn than ever, his rambles over the country became more frequent and protracted, and from that time were manifested the first symptoms of the disease of which he died a few years later.

It will readily be understood that, under these circumstances, and notwithstanding the material advantages furnished by his employment and by the kindness of Count Esterhazy, Schubert felt the need of recovering his freedom. This he did as soon as they had returned to Vienna. He hoped that distance, absence, hard work, the love of his art, and his dreams of glory would soon free him from a passion which he recognized as foolish. But it was otherwise. The heart of a poet is of wax to receive impressions, but of adamant to keep them. It was in vain, therefore, that he hearkened to the songs of birds, that he opened his soul to every breath of inspiration, that he pored over Schiller and Goethe, and imparted to their thoughts a charm which the poetry of words can not render; it was in vain that he wrote nearly 1,000 compositions, of which 600 are songs, or *lieder*; that he composed the *Magic Harp*, *Rosamond Fier-a-Bras* (considered as his masterpiece in that line), and twelve other operas; that he set to music Klopstock's famous *Hallelujah*, and immortalized himself in his celebrated symphony in C major; nothing could cure him of the love which bore him away upon its fatal breath even as the last blast of lingering winter bears to the grave in its cold embrace the too early rose of the first days of May, which it has wantonly broken from its parent stem.

Notwithstanding the number and excellence of his works, Schubert remained poor, and, but for Vogl's devoted friendship, he would probably have remained unknown through life. This celebrated singer was already aged when he became acquainted with the composer, but the hearts of artists never grow old,

they say, and a devoted friendship soon united these two choice souls. Therefore Vogl, the singer most appreciated in all the *salons* of the Viennese aristocracy, understood and rendered better than anyone else the *lieder* composed by the friend whose genius and whose heart he knew so well—for Schubert told him all his thoughts. It was through the popularity which the old artist then enjoyed that Schubert was enabled to hear the first flattering murmurs, which were the forerunners of the opinion which to-day places him by the side of Beethoven.

Ten years elapsed, and Schubert reached the close of his short career, without having forgotten for a single day the beloved one of whom he had made an idol, the personification of all his poetical dreams, the muse who inspired him, the divinity of whom all his thoughts were and to whom they were all dedicated. But, though his love remained strong and his thought fruitful, because it was like a fervent prayer—the more fervent, indeed, because it came from a bruised heart—his body was worn out—the trenchant blade destroyed its sheath—and in the month of November, 1828, consumption, which for ten years had undermined his constitution, had reached in him its last stages. At the beginning of this month he was already unable to leave his easy-chair without the assistance of his old friend Vogl, with whom he talked over his life, so full and yet so short, so glorious in its labors, so sorrowful through his love, and so troubled by the blind and stupid goddess we call Fortune. And yet he talked almost gaily of the days when he was hungry, and of those when he had no paper upon which to write his compositions; but when he spoke of the time he had spent near her the tears came to his eyes, or he kept a silence whose bitterness his friend well understood.

"Oh, if I could see her, speak to her once more, touch her hand, kiss the hem of her dress before dying, I should go happy and without regret!" he would sometimes say when he awoke from those silent reveries.

And thus the days went by; Vogl no longer sang; in the world of art; whenever musicians or poets met they said: "Do you know? Schubert is going to die!" And the sick man heard again the voices of his childhood murmur vague melodies which he could neither remember nor repeat, but which he still loved to hear. And this echo of the angelic concerts, recalling to him her of whom he had sung in all his songs, deified in his heart, and whom he was nevermore to see, his thin face would grow sorrowful, and two tears would run down his cheeks, withered by a ten years' martyrdom. At these times Vogl would grasp his hand, and Schubert would cast upon his faithful friend a woeful look and then try to smile, but his smile was sadder still than the tears which had preceded it.

You know how consumptives die: they retain their senses to the last; their death is usually devoid of suffering, and preceded by a noticeable improvement; the patient becomes hopeful, and those who surround him, especially those who love him, share in his illusion.

On the 15th of November Schubert entered upon this deceitful and final phase of the disease which carried him away. Although it was very cold, the weather was fine, and Schubert, seated by the window, was eagerly looking outside. His attention was divided between the bustle of the street and the play of the sunshine on the one hand, and on the other by the peculiar behavior of his old friend Vogl, who, with a care and skill worthy of the best of housekeepers, was setting to rights his friend's chamber.

"What the devil are you doing?" said Schubert, at last, much mystified; for this care was not in keeping with the habits of the singer, who had all the proverbial carelessness of the artist.

"Why, I am straightening things up a little around here," he said with just a shade of embarrassment; and, almost immediately he added: "For with your

papers, books, scores, and instruments, there is scarcely a vacant chair, and, if ——— any one should come to see you ———."

"Why, who should come to see me, unless it should be some comrade whom you will shock with all your care, and who ———"

"Who knows?" interrupted Vogl, with a smile, which he meant to make enigmatical, but which, on the contrary, was so expressive that Schubert looked at him with veritable stupor.

"Well, — — — yes!" said Vogl, being no longer able to resist the desire to tell the sick man the pleasure he had prepared for him.

"You saw her?—you asked her?—you dared? Oh my God," continued he, clasping his hands and closing his eyes as if the prospect of so much bliss dazzled him—and his lips framed some inaudible words.

"Did I dare?" cried Vogl, happy and proud of his friend's joy. "Why I should have kidnapped her, if she had not consented to come. Haven't you told me a hundred times that you wished to ———?"

"And she deigned to promise?—she will be so good as ———"

"Come, now," interrupted Vogl again, with a sort of impatience, "you are altogether too modest? What is the daughter of Count Esterhazy? A wealthy and noble young woman like a hundred others at Court, who would be forgotten by every one in less than twenty years if your love were not to make her immortal. Who would to-day know that Laura or Beatrix had ever existed, if two great poets had not loved them?"

"And — — — when will she come?" asked Schubert, anxiously.

At this moment, two gentle taps were heard at the door.

"That is probably she!" said the singer, as he went to open the door.

Schubert's whole soul seemed to pass into his eyes, and he bent forward, panting with emotion.

It was not Caroline, but her footman, who came to announce her coming.

We can not here relate the details of the last interview between Schubert and her whom he loved. We can only say that the young woman (for she had been married now five years) was affectionate, without ceasing to be a high-born lady, and gave Schubert all the proofs of a sister's love.

As for him, with beating heart, his face illumined by the radiant reflections of his genius, his love, and his happiness—three beauties—he seemed transfigured.

At the end of an hour, which, to the sick man, seemed short as a minute, Caroline arose and gave him her hand, saying: "Adieu, my dear master."

"Adieu, Madame!" answered Schubert, as he pressed his lips upon the beautiful hand which she yielded to him.

"Adieu, Frau. adieu!" she repeated. And as, at the thought that she would never again see him, that he was about to die—perhaps for love of her, she felt a flood of tears filling up her eyes, now full of love or tender pity for the poor martyr, she herself pressed her hand to his lips—and fled.

Schubert remained silent until evening, and Vogl did not disturb his reverie.

It was getting dusk, but the light of day had not altogether left the room of the dying composer when he called his friend.

"What do you wish?" said he, hastening to his side.

"Help me to the piano!" said Schubert, "I feel something there!" he said, trying to point to his forehead. And, assisted by his friend, he arose saying: "Adieu!—who knows?" Then, as he sat at his piano, he grasped Vogl's hand and said: "I feel very happy, my friend!"

Then his fingers ran over the keyboard, abstractedly at first, as if asking of the ivory keys only murmurs or sighs; then his touch grew more firm, inspir-

ation took possession of him, and he improvised the swan's song, which everybody knows to-day under the name of Schubert's *Adieu*.

Four days later, on the 19th of November, 1828, old Vogl was weeping beside a coffin and the next day Schubert was buried, as he had wished to be, by the side of Beethoven.

CHARLES LECOQC.

We gave last month a short biographical sketch of the late king of opera-bouffe, Jacques Offenbach; his principal rival in that line was Lecoqc, who has now become his legitimate successor. As a companion piece to the biographical notice of Offenbach, and on the principle that "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" we now give a short sketch of Lecoqc's life:

Charles Lecoqc was born in Paris, June 3, 1832. He entered the Conservatoire and carried off the first prize for harmony in Dagin's class in 1850, and a second prize for fugue in Halevy's class in 1852. He never competed for the Prix de Rome, a virtue of which few French musicians can boast. He lived for a long time on the heights of Notre Dame de Lorette, and existed by teaching music. In 1858, Offenbach, who was then manager of the Bouffe-Parisiens, threw open to competition the music of an operetta, in one act, entitled "*Le Docteur Miracle*." Two scores were found worthy of being played, that of Bizet, the future author of "*Carmen*," and that of Charles Lecoqc. Each of them was represented in the Bouffes eleven times. The following year Lecoqc had a piece played at the Folies-Nonvelles. It was not worth much. In 1864 his name suddenly appeared on the bills at the Folies-Marigny, where he gave, amongst others, "*Les Ondines de Champagne*" and "*Le Cabaret de Ramponneau*." In 1868 he produced at the Athenée, the Bouffes, and the Varieties, "*L'Amour et son Carquois*," "*Le Rajah de Mysore*," "*Monsieur de Crac*," "*Le Beau Dunois*," and obtained his first striking success with "*Fleur de The*."

In 1870 Lecoqc, seeing that the struggle was prolonged, thought of going and working for Belgium. One of his collaborators, Duru, and he agreed they should do a piece for Brussels. Duru took out of his portfolio the unfinished manuscript of "*Les Cent Vierges*," completed it in 1871, and saw it produced at Brussels March 15, 1872. The success of this piece decided the fate of Lecoqc. The "*Fille de Madame Angot*" made his name known far and wide. He continued in the path he had opened, and composed "*Girofle-Girofla*," "*La Petite Mariee*," "*Le Marjolaine*," "*Kosiki*," "*Le Petit Duc*," "*La Camargo*," "*Le Grand Casimir*," "*Le Petite Mademoiselle*," and "*La Jolie Persane*." Mr. Lecoqc is a small man with long hair, now becoming scant. His mustache is thick, short, and black; his eyes sparkling and lively, and he wears spectacles. An infirmity prevents him from taking much exercise, and he is little known by sight to the Parisian public. He takes little interest in anything outside of the theatres where his works are being played. He is an assiduous worker. He gains at the present time at the Renaissance alone one hundred and twenty thousand francs a year, and he is still bound by a treaty to write for no other theater during the next three years. Mr. Charles Lecoqc lives on the Boulevard Exelmans, between Auteuil and the Bois de Boulogne. Here he has built a charming little villa. Originally he built a house that cost him sixty thousand francs, then he added a wing that cost forty thousand, then he thought he would like some trees, and bought the land adjoining for fifty thousand francs. The furniture cost another fifty thousand francs. Now everything is upset in order to lay on the water, for the architect forgot entirely this very necessary liquid. The moral of this story is: Never build. Mr. Lecoqc is not decorated with the Legion of Honor. His two hobbies are cats and choice books.

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LESSON TO "ASHES OF ROSES."

BY ROBERT GOLDBECK.

A. When the hands have to pass quickly over or under each other, there should be no hesitation in so doing, as the fluency of the passage would otherwise be impaired. It should sound as evenly as if one hand were executing the entire run. Play with a light wrist, and delicately. The *ritardando* preceding the "valse" should not be too perceptible.

B. The grace notes not too fast.

C. Endeavor, dear reader, to accustom yourself to the thumb, first, and third fingers in chords like these of the left hand.

D. Maintain a firm *tempo* in the left hand so as to aid the syncopated counter *tempo* in the right.

E. The melody may here be marked quite pointedly with the thumb of the right hand, with *crescendi* towards the highest points, *g2* and *a2*. It may be regarded as very generally true that the rise of a melody requires a *crescendo*, the descent a *diminuendo*. This is a law of expression, with exceptions of course.

F. Heavy in the left, light in the right.

G. The four measures after G all under one pedal sound, marking well the left hand.

H. At the return of the first subject (beginning of the waltz proper) good players will often introduce superior delicacy and softness. A good opportunity is here presented to make use of this effect.

I. The *coda* here is in the form and meaning of a *stretto*, somewhat *extended* and *accelerated*, playing softly and hurrying swiftly to the close, with gradual and constantly increased power and rapidity, culminating in a grand rush at the end.

MUSICAL APPETIZERS.

Everybody knows how much it was, and indeed still is, the custom to employ the services of a band during dinner-time, especially at banquets of ceremony, where, perhaps it may be expected that the wine will flow more freely than the conversation, says the London *Musical Times*. Even at large restaurants a small orchestra of tolerably competent players is provided; and peripatetic bands are generally to be found in the fashionable localities at the usual dinner hour.

But although this fact undoubtedly proves a popular belief that it is good to listen to orchestral music during a repast, a case tried a short time since at Exeter shows that there are some who think that performers themselves enjoy an equal amount of physical advantage with the listeners.

It seems that the person who appeared as defendant in the cause purchased a clarionet of the plaintiff, in the hope that playing it would give him an appetite for his meals. When it became necessary for him to pay for the instrument he set up as a plea for his refusal to complete the bargain that, contrary to his expectation, his attempts to perform anything like an intelligible air, so far from making him long for his dinner, produced qualms which it was unnecessary to describe.

Now we distinctly recollect an instance of an amateur trombone-player who told us that he had blown five or six lodgers out of the street in which he resided; but when he found that his health became deteriorated by such exertion, he did not refuse to pay for the instrument he had bought.

Perhaps if the defendant in the case to which we have alluded had persevered, he might eventually have been rewarded by an increase of appetite; but at all events he had no cause of complaint against the plaintiff. An invalid who prescribes his own remedy has a right to abide by the result; and, in this instance, although the purchaser chose to regard the instrument as an invigorating tonic, the vendor undoubtedly merely wished to sell his clarionet.

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Hints how to proceed should you wish to secure one or more of the valuable premiums offered above:

1. Make a list of your friends whom you know to be musical and who take an interest in music.
2. Now begin in a systematic manner to visit each. When you call, hand her or him, during your visit, a copy of the REVIEW, stating you will be pleased to have it perused carefully. Explain that any one subscribing to it does not have to pay a cent, etc., etc., and impress upon them the great merits of the musical journal. If they will not subscribe at the time, say you will call again in a few days, and that you hope the REVIEW will have been enjoyed so much that she or he will want to subscribe for it.
3. In this way call on each of your friends you have on your list.
4. By faithfully following out this plan, you can hardly fail to secure a number of subscribers, thereby securing for yourself one or more valuable premiums, and assisting our wish to get 10,000 subscribers for 1881. The publishers furnish with pleasure to all parties specimen copies for this purpose, as may be desired, free.

Sound and Sense.

The following is an illustration of pronunciation and spelling in the use of wrong words which have the same pronunciation as the right words, and which, properly read, would sound right. The story: A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode swift as eh dear. After a thyme he stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raise his fare, rail face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with all her mite, for fear her guessed wood not weight. Butt when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site. "Ewe poor dear! Why due yew lye hear? Are yew dyeing?" "Know," he said, "I am feint to thee corps." She boar him inn her arms, as she anght, too a room where he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held cent under his knows, tide his choler, tapped him warnly, gave him some suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth hail as a young hoarse. His eyes shown, his cheek was as read as a flour, and he gambled a hole our.

A MR. GASTALDONI, of Vincenza, Italy, has invented a new piano-forte, which can make the sound of each key last as long as the player wishes, just like a violin, flute, or any instrument, violin or not. And yet it is not an organ, but only a piano-forte. Liszt, Rubenstein, and other great pianists are quite enthusiastic over this invention, and say that quite a new era in piano-forte playing begins with it.

(ROSENASCHE.)

ROBERT GOLDBECK.

VALSE.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) and slurs. The bass staff contains a series of eighth notes with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) and slurs. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' below the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff continues with eighth notes. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' below the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a triplet of eighth notes and a measure with a '2 1 + 1' marking. The bass staff has a measure with a '2 1 + 1' marking and a measure with a '2 1 + 1' marking. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' below the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff continues with eighth notes. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' below the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff continues with eighth notes. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' below the bass staff.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with various ornaments (accents, slurs, and fingerings) and rests. The bass staff contains a simple accompaniment of chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings. There are also some markings above the treble staff, possibly indicating breath marks or phrasing. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score includes a variety of musical notations, including eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. There are also some markings above the staff, such as '3' and '1 + +', which likely indicate fingerings or breath marks. The score is written in a standard musical notation style.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the voice part is in the right hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of two systems. The first system has two measures, and the second system has two measures. The piano part features a descending melodic line in the first measure of each system, followed by a more active accompaniment in the second measure. The voice part enters in the second measure of the first system and continues through the second system. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the voice part. The score is marked with various musical notations, including slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like "p" (piano) and "f" (forte).

G

f *sf* *mf* *rall.* *dim.*

Ped. 4 ⊕

H

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. ⊕

D

Ped. ⊕ Ped. ⊕ Ped. ⊕ Ped. ⊕ Ped. ⊕ Ped. ⊕

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. ⊕

Coda.

2-4-1

I

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

THE FIRST RIDE.

(Der Erste Ritt.)

CARL SIDUS.

OP. 76.

Allegro. (Lively.)

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, key of D major. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second system starts with a forte (f) dynamic and includes crescendo and decrescendo markings. The third system returns to mezzo-forte (mf). The fourth system concludes the piece. The notation includes various fingerings, slurs, and articulation marks.

TRIO.

The first system of musical notation for the Trio section. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody with various ornaments (accents, slurs) and fingerings (1, 3, 4, 1, 3, 1). The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The time signature is 2/4.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The upper staff features more complex ornaments and fingerings. The lower staff maintains the harmonic support. The time signature remains 2/4.

The third system of musical notation. The upper staff continues with melodic lines and ornaments. The lower staff includes a section marked *dolce.* (dolce), indicating a change in tempo or mood. The time signature is 2/4.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody in the upper staff continues with various ornaments and fingerings. The accompaniment in the lower staff provides a steady harmonic base. The time signature is 2/4.

The fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff shows a continuation of the melodic theme with ornaments. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The time signature is 2/4.

The sixth system of musical notation, the final system on this page. It concludes the Trio section with a final melodic phrase and accompaniment. The time signature is 2/4.

1

mf

f

mf

[The First Ride-3.]

WACO WALTZ

C. T. SISSON.

OP. 85.

—(X)—

Lively.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes with various fingerings (3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1). The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes with fingerings (4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2). A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melody with fingerings (3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1). The bass staff continues the accompaniment with fingerings (4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2). A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present. A pedaling instruction "Ped." is written below the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melody with fingerings (3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1). The bass staff continues the accompaniment with fingerings (4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2). A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melody with fingerings (3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1). The bass staff continues the accompaniment with fingerings (4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2). A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melody with fingerings (3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1). The bass staff continues the accompaniment with fingerings (4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2). A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present. A pedaling instruction "Ped." is written below the bass staff.

First system of musical notation. Treble clef, key of D major (two sharps). The piece begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and triplets, with fingerings 4, 3, 4, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3 indicated. The left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and a cross symbol. A crescendo hairpin is visible in the right hand.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with chords and triplets, with fingerings 4, 3, 4, 3, 3, 2, 3, 2, 1. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and a cross symbol. A crescendo hairpin is visible in the right hand.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand continues with chords and triplets, with fingerings 4, 3, 4, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and a cross symbol. A crescendo hairpin is visible in the right hand. The words 'cres - cen - do.' are written across the system.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues with chords and triplets, with fingerings 4, 3, 4, 2, 4, 1, 3, 4, 1, 3. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and a cross symbol. A crescendo hairpin is visible in the right hand.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand continues with chords and triplets, with fingerings 4, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and a cross symbol. A crescendo hairpin is visible in the right hand.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand continues with chords and triplets, with fingerings 4, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 3, 4. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and a cross symbol. A crescendo hairpin is visible in the right hand.

Lesson to "The Rose."

BY A. J. GOODRICH.

The sentiment expressed by the words should first be considered. A vein of concealed sadness runs through the entire song, mingled with something of reproach to the fair but careless giver of the rose—emblem of affection.

A. So much being understood, proceed to analyze each sentence separately with a view to ascertaining the correct reading.

Then compare the reading with the value of the notes set to the words, and observe the difference. The first eight notes from A to B are all equal quarters, and this will not agree with the correct reading. (Read the first sentence in time, giving to each syllable the same amount of time as in the melody.) Therefore the value of the notes is to be altered according to the sense of the words; for if the music does not express the meaning of the words, it fails of its object. As a general rule, when one note is shortened some other note in the bar must be lengthened to a corresponding extent. So, if you take an eighth or sixteenth away from the value of one note, you must add an eighth or sixteenth to the value of the succeeding note, and *vice versa*. The accent is also to be taken into consideration, and where an accented word happens to fall upon an unaccented part of a measure, the singer's duty is to reverse the musical rule and accent the word according to its import. These and other alterations in the music are especially necessary when two or more verses are printed beneath the same notes; also in songs which have been translated from foreign languages into English. The object of the vocalist should be the same as that of the elocutionist, namely, to convey the sense of the words as plainly and the sentiments as strongly as possible.

B. In the next sentence, from B to C, the value of the notes correspond very nearly to the correct reading so far as time is concerned. Only one slight alteration is required in the accents, and that is to accent the word "so"—"A" and "as" being the only unaccented words.

C. Our next task is to change the pronunciation of such words or syllables as have a tendency to induce an unpleasant singing tone. Such an one is the last word of the second line, at C. The sound "i" or "y" being produced by means of the tongue pushed down and the sound directed against the nasal cavity, there results a harsh, metallic tone which every good singer must endeavor to obviate. Soften the sound of "i" by giving it somewhat the sound of "ah," and then give the word its proper pronunciation as the tone is left—quickly, thus: *mā—ine*.

The consonant letter "n," if properly enunciated, closes the vocal tone, inasmuch as the tongue must be pushed against the upper inside gums—thus cutting off and stopping all further vocal sound. Each word must be properly pronounced in song as well as in speech; the only difference being this: that in the former we make a temporary alteration in certain syllables for the benefit of the musical effect.

D. If we continue to analyze the sentences as at A and B, we will discover that the word "because" should be separated from the previous word, as the sense of the phrase is this: "I ne'er have prized one half so much,—Because (this is the reason why) it once was thine."

Accordingly, the first syllable of the word *because* should be sung to an eighth note—supposing an eighth rest to occur upon the first half of the last beat at D. No further alteration is here necessary.

E. The last word here is to be changed as was the word *mine*, and for the same reason. Sing it this way: *Thī—ine*.

We will now return to A with a view to observing the musical effect. First of all observe and carry into execution the composer's directions, thus: Begin softly and increase the volume of tone as far as the upper note (E) at the end of the first slur. All the notes within the slur (A to B) are to be connected together *legato*; and the last note of the slur is to be separated from the following passage. The slur is one of the most important signs in musical phrasing and interpretation, and its meaning is the same in all kinds of instrumental as well as vocal music. Neither the words nor the music of this strain require extreme smoothness, and, as a general rule, fast movements (from *Prestissimo* to *Allegretto*) are not so strictly *legato* as the slower movements. Hold each note its full value, and strike each succeeding interval distinctly and without gliding the voice or striking below the note.

Such intervals as E on the third beat at B are liable to be struck improperly (too low) by inexperienced or careless singers; and the effect is always bad—for, if a composer writes E, it is manifestly improper to sing D first and E afterwards. A similar precaution should be taken at C in striking from D up to B. In the last of the measure which precedes the measure marked D the voice is pushed down from F sharp to E (*portamento*), not for an emotional purpose, but to prevent re-pronouncing the word "one." After E the phrase marked *lento* is to be sung more slowly and with more expression; the last word ("was") must be sung very smoothly against the two notes above.

F. After the change of attunement from G to F flat the sentiment becomes more serious. Each sentence should be read through and analyzed carefully without the music, as previously directed, and then compared with the corresponding value of the notes above the words. Observe also the accented words and see if they correspond to the accents of the melody. An interesting case occurs at

G. The last word of the first line ("thought") must be separated from the next word ("that"), and yet the word *that* must be accented, as it here represents the rose, and the accompanying sentiments which are naturally associated with that lovely flower. Consequently the word should be accented, notwithstanding it occurs in an unaccented part of the measure.

H. The words here are to be distinctly enunciated, and sung according to the value of the notes set against them.

I. The last two lines of the verse from here should be read in this manner: "But I've no heart to chide thee, love, No wish to do thee ill." Separate the notes at each of the above punctuation marks.

J. The words from here to K should be sung without regard to the value of the notes—about as fast as they would be read.

The strain in F flat at letter H should be sung in the same smooth manner as previously described. (See lesson to "Why are Roses Red?" in the last REVIEW.) In all such cases where the movement is slow and the tones are to be blended together the consonants must be joined to the vowels, as thus (first measure after H): "I knew thou laidst—ditt down for me." Also in the measure after J: "No thought that I am half thy peer."

Be especially careful with such effects as are contained in the last half of the measure after G, and do not re-pronounce the words sung in two notes. The effect of such passages is extremely pleasing if well done, because it is the fullest expression of song—i. e., smooth, flowing, sustained. From I the movement should be gradually accelerated as far as the pause upon G above the staff.

K. *Tempo primo* indicates a return to the first movement, which is *moderato*. Accelerate the time very much from J to the *fermato*. If the upper G can not be sung well to the word "against," C sharp may be substituted.

L. The note with the pause here should be sustained about the value of two measures, first swelling and then diminishing the tone. As the word "will" is a bad one to vocalize upon, it must be changed into something like "e" in *yet*, as thus: *Web—ill*.

M. Be careful here to join the words *have* and *thee* rather quickly together and separate the word *life* well from the last sentence.

The note with a pause is to be sustained as long as it can be conveniently, and the word must, of course, be sung in this manner: *Lā—ife*. Where the note is not sustained it is not necessary to alter the pronunciation of such words.

N. Sing the last measure more slowly and with expression. Supposing the first verse to be well understood, we will briefly consider the second verse. The reading from A to C is not materially different from that of the first verse.

The last half of the stanza, however, should be sung according to the reading: "As tho' it were a token of your heart, so pure, and light."

The words and tones should be joined together as far as the word "heart" (measure beyond D), and this word must be separated from the following note and word. Observe also the punctuation mark at "pure," which is to be expressed the same as in reading. Another peculiarity occurs just before D, where the word *token* is sung to a dotted quarter and eighth note. This division of the notes is quite appropriate for the first verse; but, as the word *token* is to be sung the same as pronounced, it is evident that the first note, B, must be much shorter.

Two synonymous words occurring in the same sentence should generally be separated by means of a comma, in order to make the meaning stronger and more plain. For instance, in such cases as F to G, a punctuation mark is needed, thus: "And when the rose is dry, and crisp." If dry signifies nothing more nor less than the word *crisp*, then one of the words ought to have been omitted. But they express different conditions, and the comma in such places has a tendency to make the meaning plainer. Hence I have included the comma in all such cases as "Sweet, and bright," "Pure, and light," and the like.

Between J and K there is another sentence which must be considerably changed from the first verse. Each of the adjectives, "fragrant, sweet, and bright," should be separated one from the other. The word *fragrant* ought to be sung to two equal quarter notes, and not as the notes are printed. These suggestions will serve as a clue to the manner of singing ballads or songs containing more than one verse.

Each verse must be sung in a different manner, and according to the sense which it is intended to express.

Be governed, if possible, by the directions—inhaling indicated by breathing marks, thus: 'v, and never take breath except at a punctuation mark.

Inasmuch as lyric and dramatic expression are the last considerations in the study of song, I have purposely omitted anything more than a mere superficial mention of them thus far; but, in a future number, we purpose to select certain dramatic songs, and explain the mode of their interpretation as well as may be.

In personal appearance, Offenbach was of medium height, of slender figure, and was slightly round-shouldered. His face was thin, and of late had become very wrinkled, but it was almost always lit by a pleasant smile and laughing eyes. His manners were quick and lively, and in gesture and general carriage he was thoroughly French. He married, when quite a young man, a handsome girl of Spanish descent, whom he first met at Marseilles. His married life was said to be a happy one, and his wife and family of children made a home circle which those to whom it was intimately known declared to be a most united one.

(DIE ROSE.)

Poem by C. H SAMPSON.

Music by ALFRED G. ROBYN.

Moderato.

Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in 4/4 time, key of D major. The score is written for piano and includes a variety of musical notations such as treble and bass staves, clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-4. Pedal points are marked with "Ped." and a circle containing a cross. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, with some measures containing multiple notes or rests. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

1. Von al - len Ro - sen, die es gibt, Die sü - se - ste ist mein, Ich hab' mich ganz in
2. Und den - noch will es dün - ken mir, Die Ros' so süß und zart, Ein Pfand der Lie - be

1. *p* I ne'er have seen 'midst na-ture's best A rose so sweet as mine, I ne'er have priz'd one
 2. But this shall be as dear to me, The rose so sweet and bright, As though it were a

- sie verliebt, Weil vor-mals sie war dein, Weil vor-mals sie war dein.
 sei von dir, Mit Schüchternheit ge - paart, Mit Schüchternheit ge - paart.

half so much, Be-cause it once was thine,
to - ken of Your heart so pure and light,

Be - cause it once was thine.
Your heart so pure and light.

Ich weiss, als du einst ga - best mir, Das, was so lieb mir ist, Nicht
Und wenn dies Rös - lein welkt und bleicht, Es bleibt mir im - mer werth, So

F **G** **V. H**

*I knew thou gav'st with-out a thought That which to me is dear, I
And when the rose is dry and crisp, 'Twill be the same to me, And*

ein'n Ge-dan - ken macht' es dir Von Arg - wohn o - der List. Doch
wahr - re Lieb' ver - geht nicht leicht, Nein, auch im Leid be - währt, Ich

V **I**

*knew thou laid'st it down for me With-out a sigh or tear. But
so true love will nev-er wane, Though rough the way may be. I'll*

rech - ten mit dir will ich nicht, Denn ich bin dir nicht
schätz' die Ro - se, als ob sie Von O - ben sei ge-

*I've no heart to chide thee, love, No wish to do thee
prize the rose as though it were A mes-sen-ger of*

+ 1 3 4

Ped. **⊕ Ped.** **⊕ Ped.** **⊕**

gleich, Und fühl', dass mir's an dem ge-briecht, Was
sandt, Denn sü - ser ei - ne gab es nie Im

V J **cres** **- - - - - cen**

*ill, No thought that I am half thy peer, Or
light, I'll cher-ish it as ten-der-ly, So*

+ 2 4 + 2 4 + 1 4

4 8 2 1 +

dich macht gross und reich,
gar - zen Ro - sen - land,
do. **K**

Und fühl', dass mir's an
Denn sü - ser ei - ne
Tempo primo.

wish a - gainst thy will, No thought that I am
fra - grant, sweet and bright, I'll cher - ish it as

1+

ped.

dem ge - brieht, Was dich maecht gross und reich. . . . Wie darf ich hof fen,
gab es nie Im gan - zen Ro - sen - land. . . . Von al - len Ro - sen,
lento. **L** Tempo primo.

half thy peer, Or wish a - gainst thy will. . . . I could not claim of
ten - der - ly, So fra - grant, sweet and bright. . . . I ne'er have seen 'midst

ped.

dass von dir Ich je er-späh' den Blick,
die es gibt, die sü - se - ste ist mein,

Der spricht, du theil - test
Ich hab' mich ganz in **M**

one like thee A half the thought I crave, I would not have thee
na - ture's best A rose so sweet as mine, I ne'er have prized one

2

p

gern mit mir Dein ir - di - sches Ge - schick.
sie ver - liebt, Weil vor - mals sie war - - - dein.

waste thy life, A life so true and brave.
half so much, Be - cause it once was - - - thine.

1mo. *2do.*

3 *2*

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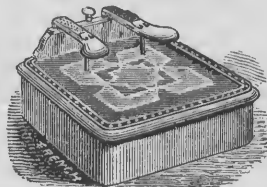
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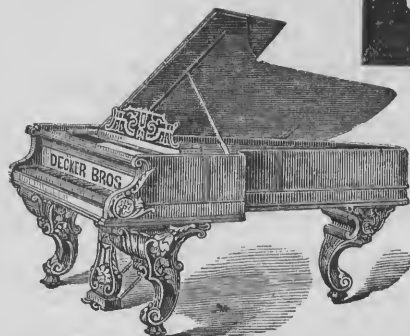
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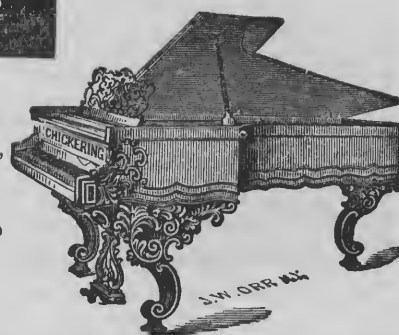
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